THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

From my Uncle's Cabinet.

——"Happiness! our being's end and aim."

Could we in long perspective view the miseries consequent to a desertion from rectitude—did they in all their dreadful accumulation, strike the mind of youth when first he stretches forth the hand to grasp the Circean cup, methinks he would shrink from it with more repugnance than the hand retracts from the electric shock. And that they do not flash conviction is, to the experienced pilgrim in life's sober journey, a cause of astonishment. To his enlightened observation present misery appears so unfailingly to follow the footsteps of vice, that it excites both his censure and his pity to see his fellow creatures running the mad career of folly, unawed by example, unrestrained by the lessons of wisdom.—Man he sees incessant in the pursuit of enjoyment, yet turning his back upon the means of attaining it, choosing the shadow while the substance is offered, and, so is the visual ray obscured, looking upon the flying meteor as a fixed star.—How comes it that we are thus adverse to our own felicity? Does it proceed from an error in our nature? Certainly not.—It were impious to suppose so. We are furnished with ability to go aright, but are led astray by our own delusions, by mistaken notions, respecting our "being's end and aim." Happiness is not the proper *pursuit* of man—though the daughter of Heaven, she was appointed his attendant on earth; but when made the object of adoration, like the maid intoxicated by flattery, she assumes the air of a divinity, and rises far above her idolatrous worshippers. Walk, O man, in the way that is set before thee; listen with obedience to the voice within; and though its pointings may seem unfriendly to thy present repose, still,

"——resolutely keep its laws
Uncaring consequences;"

and thou shalt find that Happiness will descend from those lofty regions whither she had soared to receive the incense of vain mortals, and will become thy lovely companion, thy faithful attendant in the journey of life, soothing thy sorrows with her smiles, and beguiling the length of the way by the prospect ahead.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Eds,

I send you another leaf from my Uncle's Cabinet; how you may like his poetry I don't know. If you please to insert it, perhaps it may not be the worse to be accompanied by some account of my aunt Clara. While yet a young and blooming widow, she retired from the busy world, where she had met with many disappointments, and resided with my uncle, who being a bachelor resigned to her the domestic management of Mopington. From some cause or other she contracted a violent antipathy to every thing like dirt. Her passion for cleaning, grew to such an excess, that, Mopington daily resounded with the noise of buckets and brushes, and every room in its turn was deluged with water—in my uncle's time, more than one room had to be new-floored, the old ones being fairly worn through with scrubbing. He often remonstrated with her on the subject, remarking that it was a pity a woman of her talents should waste her attention on things so far beneath her, while the hall had servants enough to keep it at least decently clean; her time he observed, was thus, to say the least of it, uselessly employed, and to him many times with considerable inconvenience, since by it not only his tables, papers, &c. were frequently deranged, but his ideas also.—Nothing, however, had any effect on my poor aunt. What might have originally proceeded from a commendable attention to neatness, became at length a passion for cleaning, and to the end of her days she was subject to the violent workings of the scrubbing-mania.—If there be any of your fair readers affected with this disorder, PHIL heartily wishes their cure; in aid whereof he sends you the following

FROM MY UNCLE'S CABINET.

Sept. 16th, 1790.

Dear Clara, why with ceaseless care,
Wilt thou the cloth, the brush prepare
To scour, and scrub, and clean?
The table's polish soon is spoil'd,
And soon by dirty feet is soil'd
The fairest floor I ween.

This constant sousing in the suds,
Now 'mongst the chambers, now the duds,
Ah what can it avail?
I love a wholesome tidiness,
But cleaning carried to excess,
Will breed diseases pale.

If not the rosy cheek thou prize,
Nor lustre of the beaming eyes,
(Those lovely signs of health,)
Nor look serene, nor dimples gay,
Where love triumphant holds his sway,
And beauty stores her wealth;

Yet think in life's commencing state,
How prone we are to imitate,
Youth has observant eye,
The miss just coming to her teens,
And e'en the little tottering weans,
Catch manners as they fly.

Alas! if every nymph like thee,
Thus bound in scrubbing-chains should be,
No cloth, nor hand-brush spare;
Then must each loom our land doth own,
With crocus stuff be made to groan,
The mighty waste t' repair.

Ye grunters, too, your fate deplore,
For lo! along the tarnish'd floor,
Your bristly backs must toil,
Till like a platter clean and white
No spot offends the female sight,
Nor stain appears nor soil.

Clara perhaps may think I play,
And just for sport employ my lay,
In hyperbolic strain,
Or haply she may think I'ntrude
On her domain, with language rude,
And trifling, weak and vain.

Sweet sister, will it plead excuse,
If from my subject I produce
An edifying thought?
Ah! let her not presumptuous deem
The strain that would attempt a theme,
With deep instruction fraught.

The writings of the Seers record,
That we're the temples of the Lord
In which he takes delight;
But when 'tis all in heaps within,
By passion muddy'd, soil'd by sin,
He turneth from the sight.

Now Clara 'twere a noble part,
To sweep the cobwebs from the heart,
There be our care addrest;
Ah! who would not employ each power,
And scrub and clean, and wash and scower,
For such a heavenly guest?

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

I have contented myself until lately by looking over your numbers as they came from the press, sometimes with approbation, but often with that illiberality of sentiment and severity of remark, which is too prevalent amongst those who have never exercised themselves in authorship.

In some of your latest numbers, I met with something that appeared to me to be deplorably deficient in qualities, which ought to recommend a moral essay: and as I was casting about for the means of excluding the productions of these *non-sapients*, without subjecting the Editors to the painful task of sending them to the "Pigeon hole of Oblivion," the following modus operandi, presented; which I take the liberty of recommending to all your critically wise readers, who have never experienced the pains and the pleasures of an author.

When they discover any thing that produces involuntary distortion of the features, and inspires them with that kind of popular eloquence which an examination of the performance of an inferior generally calls forth, let them in this auspicious moment, seize the pen. They will possibly find their labours rewarded by the utter exclusion of all petty dabblers in the art of scribling, besides enjoying the unspeakable gratification of seeing and admiring the offspring of their brain in a new dress. If each one would write a good essay, or a good Poem, for every one that he stigmatizes, with the epithets, intorable, insipid, affected, or pompous; discrimination and judgment would hardly be reckoned amongst the necessary qualifications of an Editor.

I am one of those, Messrs. Editors, who have never withheld the language of censure when speaking of some of your correspondents.

Until very lately, I doubted not my ability to distance the fleetest course on the road to fame. But being rather too confident in my own strength, I neglected some precautions, which experience has since taught me, were essential to success.

I despaired not, however, that a moderate share of applause would at least be bestowed upon me, after I began to be conscious that I had rated myself too high. But unfortunately, stumbling into the "Pigeon hole of Oblivion," it acted as an extinguisher upon my declining hopes. I am aware of the presumption of judging of others by myself. But I think I may at least venture upon the establishment of this rule, that it is far better for us to raise our reputation as men, and as authors, by the practice of virtue, and the acquirement of knowledge, than to endeavour to lessen that of others. Thus meanly striving to depress them rather than exalt ourselves.

PECCAVI.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Bards that have fled to native shades,
For pleasure or from pride;
Who roam at large, thro' *glens* and *glades*,
Far from the Fire-side.

May think themselves of bliss secure,
While rapture fills the soul:
Forgetful of the approaching hour,
When wintry tempests howl.

With all his rage when Boreas blows,
And chills the vital stream;
When whist'ling thro' the leafless boughs,
He wakes you from this dream.

Remembrance, faithful to her charge,
Recalls the social scene,
And fails not amply to enlarge,
On pleasures that have been.

Those Fire-side honours still invite,
Preferment still is there;
As usual, he who best shall write,
Shall grace the elbow-chair.

Ah! why then lingering lag behind,
Your footsteps backward trace;
Perhaps by Nature, you're design'd,
To fill that envied place.

Again on new fledg'd pinions raise,
Those sacred heights explore,
Where thirst of fame and love of praise,
Will trouble you no more.

Who gains Parnassus' towering height,
Who plucks the topmost sprig;
Will have an indisputed right,
To wear it in his wig.

Thro' all this song inspiring spring,
The reason none can tell;
We have not heard "*Sweet Robin Sing*,"
Who once has sung so well.

I wish'd to say a little more,
In the same strain;
But find I was not made to soar;
It turns my brain.

STOP SHORT.

Woodbury, June 16th, 1805.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

The "otherwise engaged Enquirer," ought to have afforded a little more leisure to his enquiry, if it were only to countenance an attempt to gratify his curiosity; and rescue it from the imputation of *idleness* or total *disengagement*. But by way of *relaxation*, we will endeavour to assist his enquiry; by premising, That in the disposition of the elements of our planet, the most dense and ponderous materials are at the centre;* from whence they gradually decrease in gravity, as they ascend towards the surface of the earth and water; and from thence, in the same decrease of density, up to the exterior stratum of the circumambient atmosphere, and the uncompounded spaces of the solar regions;—and that this decrease of gravity and density, is so gradual and imperceptible, that no criterion can mark, and no test can separate, accurately, or by a positively defined line of partition, between the various strata of matter, so as to assert with precision that *this* ends here, and *that* commences and terminates there. The most compact of fossil and mineral substances, gradually declining in compactness, until it insensibly assumes the form of some other substance less compact; and running imperceptibly from one stratum and substance, into another of next inferior compactness, gravity and density. The softer stones ameliorating into soil; that liquefying into mud, and incorporating with water, which is again increased in fluidity, by a gradual decrease of sediment and feculence;—and thus by degrees, liquefying into pure vapour, which floats immediately over, and on the surface of the water:—the atmosphere again gradually decreasing its humidity, as it ascends towards the solar regions; and being gradually divested of all elementary particles, it becomes pure etherial fluid, and thence gradually sublimating in its ascent, into incorporeal light.

Hence it will appear possible, that there should be an intimate and perpetually active intercourse, and circulation of elementary particles, throughout the whole system:—That there is among the fluid masses, needs no proof; and as no definite line can be drawn where the fluid and solid matters of the system unite, it will appear admissible, that the intercourse, and circulation is universal:—And it is so far reducible to fact, as we

*See Goldsmith's History of the Earth.

taste salt, which is a solid matter, in the vapours exhaled from the sea; and it is well known that all mineral, and fossil, as well as testaceous substances, are subjects of actual growth and fabrication.

From this disposition of the planetary elements it is, that we derive the benefit of those changes, revolutions, agitations and commotions, so salubrious and indispensable to the production and preservation of animal and vegetable life:—the rays of the sun, penetrating into the body of the earth and water, and by expansion of their pores, rarefy such of their particles as are requisite to supply the consumption of elementary elaboration, in organic bodies; and being rarefied, to buoy them up to the regions of the atmosphere, where the supplies are wanting.

The rays of the sun, penetrating into the terraqueous masses, convey along a certain portion of actual fiery particles; which not only expand and dilate all particles with which they contact, but actually buoy up the whole mass of the superior column of the elements; from the depth to which they powerfully penetrate, up to the summit of the column of air; so as to lighten, or reduce the actual weight of each respective stratum through the whole ascent, by its internal buoyancy, and by the reduced pressure of each superior stratum in the column, and of the whole column on the interior strata: leaving the surface of the earth and water, relieved of a great part of the usual weight of the atmosphere; and even the lower parts of earth and water, relieved of the usual weight of that stratum into which the fiery particles have penetrated, and which they have expanded, and rendered buoyant.

This process of elementary circulation and rarefaction, is active and powerful in exact proportion to the influence and heat of the sun, on the surface of the earth and water; and of course, must be either very feeble, or wholly stagnant after the sun quits the horizon; and is so far from progressing during the dense season of the night, that a very considerable portion of the vapours, which had been collected and elevated during the day, descends again to the surface in the course of the night, in the form of dews, frost, &c.

It is therefore abundantly evident, that during the action of the sun on the surface of the water, its particles must be considerably dilated, and separated by the incorporated and intervening particles of solar fire; thus increasing the dimensions of the given quantity of matter, and rendering it buoyant by the internal inflammability: so as to reduce the real gravity of the surface of *water*, through the day, or during its hottest hours, to a degree but little inferior to that of the lower regions of the *air*, in the denser hours of the night:—and as all the power of water, acting on the wheel of a mill, is contained in its gravity, it is as evident that the quantity of fluid striking against a bucket, in a breast-wheel, or falling into one, of an over-shot, must weigh infinitely less in the day, than it will in the dense hours of the night; and it is likewise evident, that the quantity of fluid, passing through a shute of given dimensions, when the particles of the mass are greatly dilated and separated, must be greatly inferior to that passing through the same, when the mass shall have acquired superior compactness by the evening condensation. The power of the water is therefore increased in the evening hours, both by an increase of internal density and compactness, by an actual increase of quantity, from the descending vapours, and very considerably, by the accumulation of weight on its surface, from the increased pressure of the atmosphere.

The causes here assigned are known to operate similar effects on the sailing of vessels, in the mid-day and evening hours:—so that a breeze apparently uniform through the twenty-four hours, will give a knot or more of headway, at night, than in the warm hours of the day.

A desire to exhibit a systematic view of the subject, has extended the investigation into limits, which may be deemed unnecessarily copious and prolix; but to assign a concise cause dogmatically, for the phenomenon exhibited by the querist, we may assert, that the rarefaction occasioned by the influence of the solar rays and particles, on the water and air, during the day; decreasing their density and gravity, is the cause of impeding the momentum of the mill-wheel:—and the accumulated gravity of the atmosphere and water, in the dense hours of the evening, is the cause of accelerating the motion, or increasing the momentum of the wheel.

This rough sketch of the subject can be easily reduced to order by scientific talents, who may be so far "otherwise engaged" as not to *pioneer* in the investigation; to whom it is duly submitted.

SPECULATOR.

12th June, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors.

In your last, an "Enquirer" states that water has a visibly greater effect on a wheel at night, than in the day time. I once had the curiosity to make an experiment from a like story told me by a sawyer: the result was as follows:—

I observed that at noon the wheel revolved upon its axis about 40 times in a minute, and from a number of observations, was enabled to fix the standard as follows:—

At noon the wheel made	40 revolutions.
P. M. 3	42
6	48
9	54
12	60
A. M. 3	56
6	52
9	47
12	40

In a number of observations in various seasons, and different weather, I found some variation from the above statement, but the difference was trifling. In cold weather, the difference between the daily and nightly revolutions, was not so great as in warm.

I am not guilty of understanding many hard questions in Natural Philosophy, but I have drawn a conclusion from the foregoing, which I think not far from the right; it is as follows:

In the day time, the heat of the sun rarefies, or makes light, every body upon which the rays can have free action; and its great power over water, in particular, is universally known. Thus, setting aside the absorption of the water by the rays of the sun, the body of the water has less force, and makes slower progress than in the sun's absence. This is proven by setting a stick into the water, correctly marked, by which it may be seen that the water is considerably higher at noon than at night. The velocity of the water increases, with its increasing gravitation; and the natural consequence, is, the quicker motion of a wheel upon which it acts. I have not time to bestow upon the subject, or perhaps I should satisfy myself, and you, much better. The subject has not been thought of for some time, till your last number brought it to my memory.

I would just observe, that my experiments were made at a saw-mill, of the most simple construction.

Your well wisher,

A READER.

June 13, 1805.

For the Evening Fire-side.

ON DETRACTION.

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure;
Or, how that evil may be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit?—
All others, who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves (by envy) bound,
To join and drag you to the ground:
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those, who want the power to rise.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are try'd in scandal's court.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid the specious lie.
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But,—all appearances are strong.
But, whence appears this stress you lay,
On what detracting people say?
For, let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs;
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache;
Or spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place.
Nor will you find your fortune sink,
By what they say, or what they think:
Nor, will ten hundred thousand lies,
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
The most effectual way to balk
Their malice, is,—to let them talk.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

I have lately been contemplating a subject, which I do not recollect to have seen elucidated by any of your ingenious correspondents; and that is, whether it is consistent with the laws of christianity, that a man should be put to death for any capital crime? I cannot believe it to be agreeable to the will of the Almighty, that any man, or any community of men, should take the life of a fellow-creature upon any occasion, whatever. Punishments are, in general, designed for the good of the delinquent—to reclaim him from the vice and depravity into which he has fallen. Should not death then be excluded from them? Yea, verily. For, if we consider a man as having committed so heinous a crime as to deserve death, it ought to be the very reason for not inflicting it; because there are other more lenient punishments, that would be far more beneficial to the criminal, and to the public at large. Though the crime which he has committed be enormous, it would be better to inflict a punishment that would allow him the natural time of life, to repent and gain, if not of his fellow-creatures, the pardon of his Creator. I cannot believe that christianity gives its sanction to that species of justice, which condemns a man to death because he has transgressed its laws. And for human laws to limit the period of life, and apportion to man a finite space of time, for the accomplishment of the all-important work of the salvation of the soul, carries with it, something extremely inconsistent with that extensive and benevolent plan, which the Father of mercies has laid down for man's redemption. "He willeth not that any should die in their sins; but that all should return, repent and live." By putting a criminal to death, we destroy both body and soul, and perhaps, usher him, uncalled, with his crimes fresh upon his head, hastily and unprepared, into the awful presence of the last Great Judge of all.

TYRO.

June 14.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

EVENING REFLECTION.

Here from noisy crowds secure,
Let me admire the varied scene,
The lofty oak, the shrub obscure,
The meadow's ever-pleasing green.

Gently falls still evening's dew,
Sol descending down the west,
The sky displaying to the view
Light clouds in richest colours drest.

Nature's grandeur now appearing
The mind exalts to thoughts sublime,
All a solemn aspect wearing,
Marks the rapid lapse of time.

'Tis here in peace I may retire
From ev'ry busy, bustling care;
'Tis here I thoughtful may acquire,
Strength to avoid each vicious snare.

May Providence direct my way
As in his wisdom seemeth best,
And grant to me his grace each day,
And soothe my wav'ring mind to rest.

CAMILLA.

Falls of Schuylkill, June 9, 1805.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The noble and just sentiments expressed in the following letter, may, we hope, be of some use to the rising generation, as they may serve to caution some, and to reclaim others, who are not too far sunk in luxury and vice.

Cicero to his son Marcus, to reclaim him from his loose course of life.

Can I think, O Marcus, thy vicious course of life could offer to eclipse my glory? I would question even the oracles of truth in this case, for nothing is more difficult than to make a man believe what he does not like: yet I am obliged to give credit to my senses. I see thee daily involved in all kinds of luxury, and hear thee as often discoursing of nothing but vanity. Ill fortune had no other way to attack me. My country owes its safety to me, and both the senate and people have styled me their preserver. I have surmounted the meanness of my birth, and baffled all the attempts of envy, malice, pride and calumny against me. Nothing but the vagaries of Marcus could render me unhappy. Poor unfortunate Cicero! reduced to that state by the disobedience of a child, which thy enemies could not bring me to. Thou, Marcus, thou alone robbest me of my honour, obscurest my virtue, and cloggest the wings of my fame. Upon what a weak foundation have I founded my hopes!—Upon one, who, instead of striking in with me towards the acquiring of glory, will, if he does not reform, leave to posterity the character of a libertine; and whereas he might inherit the renown due to my labours, will deprive his father of all content and himself of all esteem.—But it is yet time, O my son, both to recant thy errors, and return to thy studies. By one thou wilt restore my quiet; and by the other enrich thyself. It is never too late to learn. I have known a man of an hundred years old thirst after instruction; nay, all wise men will hearken to their friends, even when they are dying. Cast off then that yoke which vice hath put on thee, and whereby thy mind is depraved, thy senses stupified, thy reputation lost and mine obscured. Consider these worldly pleasures as syrens, that, decoy thee to thy ruin, which are really nothing but vain, vile, frail, short-lived things, subject to a thousand accidents, and whose end is only torment and repentance. Yet all this while I do not speak against those diversions that unbend the mind. A bow always bent is soon broken, and the imbecility of our nature requires some recreation. I blame only incontinence, luxury, and a superfluous use of meat and drink. No vice is more abominable than intemperance, from whence all other vices flow: yet to those thou hast raised altars, to these thou payest thy vows. I wonder thou dost not fly the common society of mankind, to get rid of their continual reproaches. Thou art either not a man, or not my son. Drunkenness has transformed thee, and, like that of Alexander the Great, has tarnished all thy glory.—The delights of Capua enervated the prowess of Hannibal. Whilst thou art drunk, O Marcus, thy head turns round, thy tongue faulters, thy eyes deceive

thee, thy feet fail thee, and thy stomach offends thee. Wherefore, if thou art not altogether become stupid, thou must needs be sensible thyself of the inconveniences of this vice. My cheeks burn with shame, while I reprove thee for these enormities, and my mind is under apprehensions of contaminating itself by the bare naming them. Believe, me, Marcus, vice has got the ascendant over thy reason, and will not suffer thee to be sensible of thy folly. It will not permit thee to look through the thick fogs that envelope thy brain, and conceals its own deformity from thee. It keeps thee from discerning the splendour of virtue, and the brightness of thy race. If thou couldst but view the beauties of virtue, I am confident thou wouldst soon be in love with her. No heart can be so hardened, but must be affected by her charms. The wide world cannot shew any thing more amiable. She is praise to herself; and without her, perfection would be nothing. She gains us, by her authority, even the love of our enemies. The sun once stopped his course to admit her. Also death itself which nothing else can conquer, and which buries every thing in oblivion, yet yields to her, and submits to that immortality which is only acquired by her. Tell me, I beseech thee, my son, what is become of all the ancient Greek magnificence in building? Is it not devoured by time? Yet the works of virtue live, and will do so to all eternity. Both the names and actions of virtuous persons will endure the utmost test of time, and, through all the endless revolution of ages, flourish.—He need not fear the horrors of death, O Marcus, who can be sure to outlive the bounds of life by his virtue: Whilst thou, if thou continuest in this sensuality of thine, as thou hast lived unregarded, will die unlamented, and rot in the grave unremembered: Or if thou shouldst leave any name behind thee, it will be devoted to infamy, than which it were far better to have been condemned to oblivion. That is but a foolish opinion which some entertain, and which I daily reflect upon with contempt and disdain, that our happiness ends with our lives, and our glory ceaseth with our deaths.—Those men know not, that true life begins at the grave, and springs from the very bosom of death. Our souls are Phoenix's, which revive from our own ashes. Then are our names eternized; then have envy and malice no power to obscure our merits, or to dispute our title with us to fame. The privileges of our souls would be nothing, if they were subject to the corruption of the body.—Now, Son Marcus, if thy obstinacy will not give thee leave to lay hold on these instructions; if thou wilt still continue thy converse with brutes, who have no other sense than their lust: If, in a word, thou wilt persist to forfeit both mine and thy own reputation, by thy ill courses, I have no absolute authority over thy will, I can only satisfy myself in that I have thus far opposed thy vicious inclinations. Farewell.

An Elegy on the miserable state of an African Slave, by the celebrated and ingenious Wm. Shenstone, Esq.

See the poor native quit the Lybian shores,
  Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant smile his dying peace restores,
  Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship heals his wound.

Let vacant bards display their boasted woes,
  Shall I the mockery of grief display?
No, let the muse *his* piercing pangs disclose,
  Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away.

On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,
  Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign;
He dropt a tear unseen into the flood;
  He stole one secret moment to repine.

Yet the muse listen'd to the plaints he made;
  Such moving plaints as nature could inspire;
To me the muse his tender plea convey'd,
  But smooth'd, and suited to the sounding lyre.

"Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
  What savage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land?
  And more than sea-born monsters plough the main?

Here the dire locust's horrid swarms, prevail:
  Here the blue Asp with livid poison swell;
Here the dry Dypsa writhes his sinuous mail;
  Shall we not here secure from envy dwell?

When the grim Lion urg'd the cruel chase;
  When the stern panther sought his midnight prey:
What fate reserv'd me for this Christian race;
  A race more polish'd, more severe than they?

Ye prowling wolves pursue my latest cries;
  Thou hungry Tiger leave thy reeking den,
Ye sandy wastes in rapid eddies rise,
  Oh! tear me from the whips, and scorns of men.

Yet in their face superior beauty glows;
  Are smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?
Yea, from their lips the voice of mercy flows,
  And e'en religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
  Where gentle souls convey'd by death repair,
But stain'd with blood and crimson'd o'er with crimes,
  Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?

No! careless, hopeless, of these fertile plains,
  Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
They ply our labours and enhance our pains,
  And feign these distant regions to repay.

Yet shores there are, blest shores for us remain,
  And fruitful fields with golden herbage crown'd,
Where every breeze shall soothe our ev'ry pain,
  Where ev'ry leaf shall med'cine every wound.

There the stern tyrant who embitters life
  Shall vainly spread his asking, suppliant hand,
There shall we view the billow's raging strife,
  Aid the kind soul and waft its bark to land.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

FEMALE ORPHAN HOUSE.

This institution at Boston forms the first *female corporation* that ever was in existence. A friend in this city, after a visit to that place, was presented with a pamphlet containing a full account thereof, by one of its managers, from which the following extracts have been taken, with a hope they may prove justly encouraging to the virtuous young friends of this city, who years back formed an association for relieving the distressed, and which was followed by one, perhaps chiefly constituted by some of more maternal years, and in a gayer circle of life. The females of Wilmington, New-York and Baltimore, as well as of other places, have trod the virtuous path of persevering industry, to relieve the afflicted. Now Boston steps further, and the legislative body of that state, not conceiving their sisters unworthy of trust or incapable of exercising its powers aright, have endowed them with the privileges and title of a female corporation.

How powerful is the force of example, how persuasive the language of that conduct which is dictated by the spirit of Christ.—That a little band of females, under the influence of feeling humanity, and government of self-denial; should devote their time, labour, and attention in those lines so successfully, that not only thousands have witnessed the benefit of their seasonable aid; but fresh enlisted bands, in different places, are induced to pursue the same laudable efforts to comfort suffering humanity.

Would it not be at once honourable to the promoters and a benefit to society at large, if the example now set by the Boston females were to be copied, not only by us, but in all the opulent cities in the Union? The situation of female orphans seems to claim in a peculiar manner, the sympathy of the feeling mind. If, by giving publicity to the account of the rise, progress, and present state of the Boston Female Asylum, a similar spirit shall be awakened among their sisters in other places, it will be, doubtless, an ample compensation for your trouble, and gratifying to the truly benevolent every where.

The Boston Female Asylum, so flattering to the feelings of humanity, and so important at this early period of its existence, originated in the following circumstance:

In *Dec.* 1799 there appeared in the *Boston Gazeete*, an Address to the Ladies of this metropolis, signed, "A MOTHER;" inviting them, in imitation of the ladies of *Baltimore*, to form an Association for

the purposes of Charity to FEMALES.—Several objects to be accomplished by it were specified. To which an answer was given by a lady of *Boston*, who admired the benevolent disposition apparent in this publication, but thought a more eligible plan might be formed, that would prove a more permanent and extensive charity; to embrace as its principal objects, *destitute Female Orphan Children*; many of which class of poor were known to be, at that time, in *Boston*.

After several pieces had been written on the subject in the *Gazette*, supposing her correspondent was a female, she proposed an interview; hoping, by a free conversation, to accomplish the charitable design. This proposition brought forward the discovery, that her correspondent was a gentleman; who, at once, approved, and promised to do every thing in his power to promote the present charity for *Orphan Girls;* and has actually rendered it important services.

She then communicated her intentions to a female friend, and solicited her assistance to obtain subscribers; who, at once, concurred in the excellent design.

Its *novelty* occasioned objections and delay. At length, however, by perseverance, 100 subscribers were obtained. A meeting of whom now became necessary, that the institution might be organized. How shall this be effected, without exciting public attention, and, perhaps, unmerited censure from some? was a question of great delicacy. But the same kind Providence that had conducted it so far, continued to smile upon it. A convenient private house was offered for the purpose, by a lady, friendly to charity; to whom its patrons acknowledge their obligations.

Private notifications were sent to the subscribers; and on *Sept.* 26, 1800, a respectable number of them convened. The design of the meeting was explained, the plan of the Institution was examined, and unanimously adopted; and a Board of Managers, a Treasurer, and Secretary, were chosen.

At the first meeting after their election, *Oct.* 27, they chose Mrs. SUSANNA DRAPER, Governess; to whose care the children were committed, as fast as they were received.

In the course of one year, the number of Subscribers was increased to 300; among whom were many of the first characters for respectability and fortune.

Towards the close of the first year, the Managers, anxious to increase their funds, and extend the charity, concluded, that it would be proper and useful, to have a discourse delivered, annually, and a contribution at the same time for the benefit of the Institution. They accordingly chose the Rev. Dr. STILLMAN to preach before them on their first anniversary, *Sept.* 25, 1801, with which he readily complied. On this occasion, 500 dollars were collected for the Orphans; 12 of whom were present, neatly dressed in blue.

The year 1802, began with still brighter prospects. Many friends were raised up by Heaven to favour this "new born charity." Among whom, the name of Mr. *Samuel Smith*, Merchant, is mentioned with the highest sense of obligation:—who, from the benevolence of his heart, without any solicitation, obtained, by subscriptions, from the gentlemen of *Boston*, by unwearied efforts, the sum of *Nine Thousand Dollars*, to purchase, or to build, a house for the accommodation of the Orphans.—To these Gentlemen, the Society pay the small, but sincere tribute of their thanks; and pray that the blessing of many, ready to perish, may come upon them.

The number of the Subscribers was also increased to above 400, and several other liberal donations were made by gentlemen and ladies to the Society.

The Rev. Dr. ECKLEY was chosen by the Managers, *June* 29, to preach on their second anniversary; to which he readily consented: and though the day was very stormy, about 800 dollars were collected for the benefit of the Asylum. On this day, the number of the children present in their uniform, was 25.

The Father of the fatherless continues to bless the Institution. Its public utility is universally confessed. Already have 31 poor, destitute children been received into it; 6 of whom have been placed in good families, till they shall arrive at the age of 18 years; 25 are now in the Asylum, under the immediate care of Mrs. ANN BAKER, the present Governess.—The children have passed through the Measles and the Kine-Pock, since they have been in the Asylum, and enjoy good health in general. One death only hath taken place since the Society was instituted.

The General Court, at their last Sessions, granted to the Society an Act of Incorporation.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

By giving the following a place in your useful paper, you will no doubt please many of your readers.

ATTENTION, HAY-MAKERS!

Suspend your scythes—lean upon your pitchforks, stick your rakes in the sod, and while the refreshing pitcher goes merrily round, listen to neighbour Winrow's advice upon drink.

Fellow Labourers,

When we sweat most, we thirst most, and drink most abundantly—you will all pronounce that liquor best, which makes you most strong and healthy. Then do not drink flip—the body in this sultry season being extremely heated, acts like a still, the rum immediately flies off, and the heavy, clammy dregs of the beer and sugar, remain to clog the stomach, renders the labourer dull and weak, and often excite inflammatory disease. Do not drink toddy or milk punch, for the same reason. If rum, brandy, whisky, gin, or other ardent spirits must be drank, take half a gill at a time, unmixed, and immediately drink large draughts of water after it. For the same reason when a man is crack brained enough to throw a fire brand into a magazine of powder, he cannot do better than to throw water upon the burning coals as fast as possible.

Drink switchel—that is, molasses or maple sugar mixed with water.

Drink whey, or milk and water, two-thirds water, spruce or small beer.

Drink cyder. Not boiled—if you would be merry, but cyder and water, if you would be healthy, happy and wise. The acid in cyder is the best preventative against all putrid disorders. Drink vinegar and water for the same reason.

Drink pure water—you have been told of people whose fat has been cooled, and who have died suddenly by drinking cold water. Set the pail in the sun half an hour before you use it; or rinse your mouth three or four times with the coldest water, and you may then drink freely from the coldest spring. If the water is much colder than your bodies, it will then do you no harm, it will strengthen and quicken your animal functions, will make you sweat copiously and freely; your nap at noon, and slumbers at night, will be pleasant and refreshing, and you will need, at the next dawn, no other call to awake you, than the chirping of the early bird—you will arise to the next day's

labour like a giant, refreshed with wine. Do you doubt what I say, let the stoutest grog-bruiser come and try a fall at wrestling with me, a temperate water drinker of sixty-five years of age—or stake out an acre of foul meadow and see who will out it first. Fellow Labourers, when you work for yourselves, you will readily allow that the disuse of strong liquors will be a great saving to your purses. If you want to know how great, go and inspect your account at the traders; if not, listen to my calculation. Say the hay season lasts, taking the after growth into the calculation, one month; say that you have three hands to work—allow them each half a pint of rum each day. This will amount by a rough calculation to six gallons, which at twelve shillings a gallon for West India rum, would cost ten dollars and sixty cents, besides the expense of sugar.—New England rum, it is true, would be something less, but brandy something more. Now this sum, these hard times, would do many valuable things for a farmer—it might purchase three calves, which would treble in two years; it would pay the town, county or state taxes of a small farmer; it would buy him many a comfortable matter for his wife when she blesses him with the rich present of a sturdy boy, or healthy girl.—It might effect a valuable swap in oxen, or perhaps pay two or thee small notes or accompts, or such part of them as may prevent the lawyer from making two or three bills of cost, each larger than the original debt, and to save the favourite mare, or the likely two year old, from being taken by the sheriff, and sold for half their value at auction. But some of you, fellow-labourers, drink strong liquors, when you work out, as we do now, because you say they cost you nothing; and you are ready to call your employers stingy, who wish to discountenance the use of spirits. You are mistaken my friends; every gill of rum given you by those who hire you, costs you much; sometimes it costs you a quarrel with your best friends, sometimes a bloody nose, or broken limb, and often a lawsuit or a fine upon confession, before a justice of the peace for assault and battery; and oftener a long Doctor's bill for a disorder, which you may not, but the physician knew, arose from this very cause of strong liquors. Sometimes it costs you the respect of your townsmen; the regard of your children, and love of your wife. Sometimes your reputation in this world, and I fear your happiness in the next. Are not these heavy costs, friends?

Thus spoke Neighbour Winrow to a gang of haymakers in my uncle Jonathan's meadow.

The whole gang immediately cried out, "Neighbour Winrow has spoken wisely." They clubb'd upon the spot, and sent a boy to the next grog-shop for a humming pitcher of flip, and ordered half a pint more than the usual quantity of rum to be stirred into it, and all with one accord got tipsy by drinking the health of the wise neighbour Winrow.

E. M. D.

ANECDOTE OF HOWARD.

When this excellent and benevolent man was examined by the House of Commons, one of the members asked him, "At whose expense he had made all his journies through England to examine the state of the different prisons?" and was extremely surprised when H. told him, that he had made them at his own. The wretched situation of the prison of his own county, when he was high Sheriff of Bedfordshire, made a great impression upon his mind, and first set it at work upon those useful and honourable pursuits in which he was afterwards engaged. In a conversation he had with a friend, a few months before he undertook his last and fatal expedition, he said, "that he should once more leave his native land; probably," added he, "never to return to it;" that he proposed to be absent four years; that he intended, in that period of time, to visit Turkey, Asia Minor, and Egypt. On his friends making some objections to the length and peril of the journey, he replied, "I probably shall never return to my own country; but (be that as it may) it is of no concern to me, whether I lay down my life in Turkey, in Egypt, in Asia Minor, or elsewhere. My whole endeavour is to fulfil, according to the ability of so weak an instrument as I am, the will of that Gracious Providence who has condescended to raise in me a firm persuasion that I am employed in what is consonant to his Divine approbation."

[*Europ. Mag.*]

Description of the Salt Mines of Poland, from Wraxall's Memoirs.

I returned yesterday from visiting the salt mines of Vielicza, situate two leagues off on the southern side of the Vistula. After being let down by a rope, as in those of Crimnitz, to the depth of about two hundred and thirty feet; our conductors led us through galleries, which, for loftiness and breadth, seemed rather to resemble the avenues to some subterranean Palace, than passages cut in a mine. They were perfectly dry in every part, and terminated in two chapels composed entirely of salt, hewn out of the solid mass. The images which adorn the altars, as well as the pillars and ornaments, were all of the same transparent materials; the points and spars of which, reflecting the rays of light from the lamps which the guides held in their hands, produced an effect equally novel and beautiful. Descending lower into the earth by means of ladders, I found myself in an immense hall or cavern of salt, many hundred feet in height, length, and dimensions, the floor and sides of which were cut with exact regularity. A thousand persons might dine in it without inconvenience, and the eye in vain attempted to trace, or to define its limits. Nothing could be more sublime than this vast subterranean apartment, illuminated by flambeaux, which faintly discover its prodigious magnitude, and leave the imagination at liberty to enlarge it indefinitely. After remaining about two hours and a half under ground, I was drawn up again in three minutes, with the greatest facility.

The mines of Vielicza, if considered as objects of curiosity, afforded me higher gratification than any which I have visited in Europe. They have been already worked above five hundred years, and appear to be inexhaustible; more salt being found in them than can possibly be sold, though they supply all Poland with their produce. It is scarcely mixed with any extraneous, metallic, or earthly particles, in the places where the workmen principally dig. They have in fact little more trouble than merely to collect, pound, and put it into barrels. Only four hundred and thirty-five men are employed at this time; but in the winter they amount to double the number. At Vielicza, as in Hungary, they never sleep below; the horses alone, about fifty of which are usually in employment, remaining constantly under ground. No woman is allowed to descend into the mines; a regulation of great propriety. All the Intendants and Overseers are Germans; the miners are universally natives of Poland. They

enter at four o'clock in the morning, and continue till the same hour in the afternoon, when they are drawn up and relieved by others. In depth, the mines of Vielicza fall far short of those at Schemnitz, being no where above twelve hundred feet below the surface of the earth. But, they are in every respect far easier of access; and the air, which I found so oppressive in the Hungarian, was cool and pleasant in the Polish mines.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—Arrivals at this port and New-York, state the intelligence of Lord Nelson having reached the West-Indies; his force is said to consist of 14 sail of the line.

In a junction with Admiral Cochrane, their combined force would exceed that of the French and Spanish fleet. Interesting accounts may be hourly expected from the West-Indies.

By an arrival at New-York from Greenock, advices to the 11th ult. have been received—Of which the most interesting is the account of an embargo, which had been laid in the ports of England and Scotland.

An expedition to consist of 8000 troops, under General Coote, was fitting out, supposed to be destined for the West Indies.

A most dreadful accident lately happened at the Hurlet Coal work, near Paisley, (Scotland.) About 9 o'clock in the morning, while the men were at work, the inflammable air in the pit took fire. Four men were blown from the bottom of the pit into the air, their bodies torn in pieces, and the mangled parts scattered in all directions. One of them was found at the distance of 300 yards from the mouth of the pit. Thirteen colliers who were below, have all been found dead. The father of one of the sufferers went down in hope of saving them, but was instantly suffocated by the foul air. A horse at the mouth of the pit was killed, and the whole machinery blown to atoms. A subscription has been opened in Glasgow for their families.

Great activity prevails in the ports of France and Holland, and the expedition against England is again spoken of, as an event that will shortly take place. It is believed in Paris that Ireland is certainly the destination of the Brest fleet. The Irish brigade and corps of guides are said to be among the troops embarked in it. All the troops in Holland seem to be in motion. In the province of Zealand, however, fears are avowedly entertained of an invasion from that country.

DOMESTIC.—The value of Exports of the growth, produce, and manufacture of the United States during the year 1804 has been stated at 41,470,000 Dollars.

The grocers of Baltimore "promise and declare" that they will not purchase any New-Orleans sugar in casks in which it is imported without an allowance of 15 per cent. tare until the thickness and weight of the the casks shall be reduced, so as to justify them in purchasing with the customary allowance for tare without danger of loss.

It is said that the Leander and other British cruisers, are actively employed, within view of our shores, in intercepting our homeward bound merchantmen, and sending them to certain condemnation, fas aut nefas, in the court of Halifax.

The regular trading American ship Two Friends, captain M'Niel, from London for Charleston, with a full cargo of Dry Goods, supposed to be worth *One Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling*, has been recently captured in ten fathoms water, by the French privateer schooner L'Emerance, captain Moisan, from Guadaloupe, now cruising off our bar.

HENRY PREBLE, brother to Commodore Preble, is arrived at New-York, and is said to be the bearer of important dispatches for government, from Gen. Armstrong our Minister at Paris.

It is reported that dispatches of an unusually important nature from Louisiana have been received by our government, what they are has not yet transpired.

American Silk. In the year 1804, there were raised in the town of Mansfield (Con.) beween twelve and thirteen hundred pounds of well dried raw silk; every pound of which when made into sewing silk, is worth about seven dollars, and finds a ready market at Boston, Providence, &c. Should the manufacture of silk be properly attended to by our citizens, they would ere long be enabled to raise sufficient to supply the union, and even some for exportation.

Solar Eclipse.—Poor Richard's Almanack for the present year mentions that an Eclipse will happen on the 26th inst. in the afternoon of that day. The Sun will on that day go down eclipsed in the following manner—viz.

The beginning will be at 55 minutes past 6 o'clock, in the evening, mean time; at which instant the Moon will make her first ingress to the Sun's northwest limb; and the Sun will set at 34 minutes past 7, with an obscurity of almost 7 digits on his northeastern limb.

Notwithstanding there are only 39 minutes of time from the beginning of this Eclipse to the setting of the Sun, yet in consequence of the contrary motion of the penumbra and that of the place, the Sun will be almost 7 digits eclipsed before he disappears in the horizon. This is contrary to what occurs in most cases, where the penumbra and the place over which it passes, move in similar directions.

N. B. In some other Almanacks this Eclipse is represented as invisible.

Alexander Beers, Philomath. acknowledges in an Albany paper, that he had fallen into a similar error; in apologizing for which, among other things he introduces the following; "but one more apology had like to have slipped my memory. At the time of the calculation of those Eclipses, I was a widower, and about entering again into the bonds of matrimony.—Whether, under these circumstances, it is at all strange that I should call things visible, that are invisible; and things invisible, that are visible—judge ye."

He adds, "that a remarkable and total eclipse of the Sun, will happen June 16th, 1806, in lat. 41, 56 N. long. 72, 50 W. of Greenwich, the particulars of which you may timely see in my Almanack for 1806."

Deaths in the city of New-York from the 8th to the 15th instant.—Adults 24—Children 7—Total 31.

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, from the 8th to the 15th inst.—Adults 13—Children 25—Total 38.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge the kind intention of J. S. in offering to us the *Epistle of Paul to the Laodiceans.* Its rarity and absence from our Bibles, plead in favour of insertion; but it appeared to us so evidently spurious, so deficient of energy and importance (which strongly characterize that Apostle's writings) that our judgments compel us to let it remain in the pigeon hole.

E. we purpose to introduce to our readers next week.

H.'s *Address to Death;*

PUBLIC GOOD; and

PHILAN in answer to TIRO—are all designed for insertion. Their late consignment to our Letter-Box obliges us to postpone their appearance till our next No.

We almost doubt whether HORATIO seriously wishes to see in print the *misnamed Elegy* of his fair friend—if it be really hers—its circulation would not add to her reputation as a poetess; neither are the confessions it contains, expressive of that delicacy and diffidence which are ever the companions of female sensibility: but we strongly suspect it is counterfeit.

The wish of ADOLESCENS is too *puerile;* and his weedy verse agrees not with the *neatness* of the *Garden of his desires.*

We are obliged to the industry of our correspondents for several valuable selections which shall be occasionally used.

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